

for now, we'll never come down

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for now, we'll never come down

by [GenOfEve](#)

Summary

Dream's got problems.

One of them being the fact that he's running out of coke.

The other being the fact that he forgot to get the number of the pretty British guy he had in his room last weekend.

Shit.

(a carry on from the fic 'and the lines, they go by')

Notes

HERE HE IS <3 my sweet idiot

i've been VIOLENTLY missing cokehead!dream, and apparently, other people miss him too, so please, have this!!!

part 1/2, and a carry on from 'and the lines, they go by'! please enjoy!!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

looking back

When the thudding bass dies down, and the muffled shouts of drunken slurs eventually fade away, George is pulled from Dream's bedroom.

Tugged from his arms, loose and intoxicated, blushing and spluttering as his roommate points out every single mark Dream has left upon him, loving bruises of dusty blues and smoky purples, smears of rusted liquid, the colour matching that of the blood, which has stained around Dream's nose and mouth.

He grins at George from where he lays on the bed, sporting his own marks, and he feels his own cheeks heat when George offers him a sly wave, and promises that he'll come back some time.

He had truly hoped so.

But as Dream awakens in the morning, nauseous from the whiskey, stomach bloated, head spinning and sensitive, something hangs heavy in his clouded, empty mind.

He'd forgotten to get George's number.

It lingers in the forefront of his thoughts, loud against the painful, aggressive silence of his comedown, reminding him of his mistake.

It continues to linger, even after his head begins to clear, dopamine slowly restoring with time and care.

And then it festers.

It twists, turns from Dream simply forgetting to get George's number, and into; *perhaps George had intentionally not given it to him.*

Initially, he shakes the thought.

But it comes back.

It comes back, *and it rots, and it grows, and eventually*, his logic begins to slip.

It would make sense if George had intentionally not given him his number, wouldn't it? Who would want to have to deal with him, deal with all his moods and all his inhibitions?

Dream was feral at the best of times, a mess of *chaos* and *turmoil*, chasing one high after the other, seeking the immediate gratification that could often only be found in the worst of places.

And George?

To Dream, George had seemed *ethereal*.

He can understand why George would only want a one-time thing, a quick fling at a party with the crazy, coked-up guy, a brief moment of something wild, something *outrageous*.

Dream understands that. Wanting those brief moments.

How could he not, he muses as he straightens up from the lines on his bedside table, one disappearing up into his nose, fed by the cylindrical dollar bill in his hand, *all he ever has are those brief moments*.

According to everyone else, the people who don't know him, never see him in the light of day, never see him up close, Dream's fun.

But, in person? Under the harsh, unforgiving light of the sun, that aches his head, and heats his skin despite his trembling hands, up close, *personal*?

And suddenly it's not just *George doesn't want him*, it's ***nobody*** wants him.

Dream's unstable, a cocktail made of chemicals and left shaken, vibrating at the slightest touch. And, right now, in the middle of an aggressive, emotionally kaleidoscopic episode, he can't imagine anyone *ever* wanting something stable with him.

The only stable things he has, the only consistencies in this time of his life right now, are the drugs, and the alcohol.

And Sapnap.

Always Sapnap.

Sapnap, who pokes him and prods him about the due dates of his next assignment, and then doesn't even flinch when Dream *snaps*, body coiled and tense, hissing venomous words.

Dream maintains his grades.

Sapnap, who, every now and again, pushes a bottle of water into his shaking hands, who tosses a shitty protein bar at him when he comes home, after he notices the lack of dirty dishes, the indication that Dream's forgotten to eat once more, whether it be as a result of his mental state, or the constant chemical induced state he resides in, *hazy and lost*.

Dream stays hungry, but he never starves.

Sapnap, who currently, Dream refuses to make eye contact with, when he hands him a tissue for the blood that pools beneath his nostrils, running down his face, staining shirts, staining the floorboards.

He refuses to make eye contact, and yet Dream can feel his gaze, feel the way it settles on the dark circles underneath his eyes, bruises left from the way he only blinks through his sleep, a constant state of strung out consciousness, feel the way it traces the five o'clock shadow that's formed on Dream's face, the stubble that he works hard to keep away suddenly ever present.

"I *can* get you his number, you know," he offers this regularly, gently, "He'd be *good* for you, I think."

Dream always declines. Always shakes his head, or makes a dismissive hum.

"I don't think he'd want that," he shrugs when he says it, tries to come off nonchalant, but even he can hear the flat, sorrow in his words.

Nobody would want that.

The week passes. Friday comes on slow, sluggish and painful.

Dream's stash is running dangerously low.

He doesn't like what that'll do to him. What he'll do if he have nothing to drown out the thoughts of loneliness, of the never ending fear of failure, *of the images of pretty British boys that flicker through his hazy brain.*

He hopes that if the coke is killing his brain cells, that it least kills off the one that's made him *so fucking obsessed.*

Because *days* have passed, and yet he still *can't stop* thinking about the way George looked, sitting up in his bed, asking questions, genuinely curious and innocent.

About the way George's mouth looked when he licked the whiskey from it, naive to the way it made Dream twitch.

About the way George looked underneath him.

Dream shakes his head, sniffs his runny nose, busies himself with weighing the powder-filled bag on the scales in their kitchen.

As he reads the numbers on the glowing screen, he takes the weight of the plastic into consideration and exhales, hard, running a hand up over his forehead, pushing back the strands that fall into his eyes.

He's got a little less than a gram left.

This isn't good.

His pay for the recent job he'd fulfilled hadn't come through yet either, and probably wouldn't come through until Monday now.

He'll likely be out by tonight.

There's movement behind him, and he resists the urge to *flinch*, the combination of his overuse of cocaine and lack of sleep breeding a disgusting layer of paranoia to coat his chilled skin.

He sweats, even as he shivers, and turns his head to glance over his shoulder.

“Dude,” Sapnap greets him from where he leans against the doorframe, exasperated, *“On the kitchen scales, are you kidding me?”*

“It’s a sealed bag,” Dream protests with a roll of his eyes, *“Don’t get all twisted about it. Besides, I couldn’t find my own.”*

“They’re in the bathroom,” his friends says with a shrug, *“You left them in there the other night, so I threw ‘em in the top drawer under the sink.”*

Dream sighs. He knew he should have checked there.

“That’s not what I came to say, anyway,” Sapnap pushes off the doorway, walks forward to poke Dream in the chest, *“We’re going out tonight. That art-major girl who lives, like, four blocks down, is throwing a rager, and you,”* he pokes him once more, *“Need to get the fuck out of the house.”*

Dream can feel his lip curl before he even registers the emotions that follow.

He really doesn’t want to. He doesn’t have it in him to socialise, and his short fuse is practically non-existent at this point, worn away from chemicals and sleep deprivation, hunger and dehydration.

He and people...

It’s not an enticing combo.

Sapnap continues anyway.

“I don’t care if you get so drunk you start speaking in tongues. You’ve been moping, and it’s nasty, dude. You haven’t even shaved, you’re better than that.”

You’re better than that.

Sapnap seems to say that a lot lately, and it tugs at Dream, leaving him guilty.

But he doesn’t wanna go, and he makes that clear.

“You can’t make me go,” he says, shrugs, turns away, packing up the scales.

But, it turns out that Sapnap absolutely *can* make him go, because Dream’s last gram mysteriously disappears from his top drawer when he leaves his room to take a piss.

And after a lot of shouting, a lot of screaming, and a lot of Sapnap honestly *just not giving a fuck,*

Dream caves.

Standing outside of somebody's front door as the music thrums from inside, freshly shaved and showered, he holds out his hand, expectantly, ignoring the way his fingers tremble.

Sapnap slaps the baggie into his palm, closes his fingers around it with a grin, and Dream snarls.

"I got half a mind to fucking take this and turn around and go home, you know."

"But," his best friend smiles, unfazed, "You love me."

And Dream has to laugh, because yes, he does. He pockets the bag, slugs Sapnap's shoulder affectionately, and together, they stumble into the girl's house, greeting her across the room with a nod. She waves back, accidentally spilling the bottle of *something* in her hand, smiling sweetly before she resumes her conversation with another girl.

"How do you know this girl, exactly?" Dream queries. He doesn't exactly wanna get busted doing coke in a strangers house, especially if she doesn't have a tolerance for things like that.

"Huh? Oh, Niki? She's cool, don't worry."

Sapnap knows what he's asking, even with the lack of words, and Dream nods, mapping out the direction to the bathroom in his head.

The party is in full swing, glowing lights and thudding bass, drinks spilling on exposed skin and shouts of laughter as the moon rises outside.

It's a good party, but as Dream chases down a double shot of someone else's vodka with a mouthful of somebody else's sprite, he still feels empty.

Somebody enthusiastically pats him on the back, their hands slapping as they hoot with excitement, and Dream resists the violent urge to spin around, tell them to *fuck off, stop fucking touching him*.

He can't fucking stand it when strangers touch him.

Except of course—

The way their fingers brush when they passed the bottle between the, him pressing his way against George's shoulder, thigh jammed against his so casually, images of George's skinny wrists held in his hands—

He heads in the direction of the bathroom, jamming his hands in his pockets, one curling around his house key, one maintaining a firm grip on the rapidly emptying plastic bag.

As he hears someone greet him loudly, calling him *Clay*, making him wince, he wonders if he could sneak away without Sapnap noticing, walk the few blocks back home.

He makes it to the bathroom safely, only having to apologise to one person after accidentally shoulder checking them in his rush, and as he clicks the lock shut, he digs his key into the white powder within the plastic bag, scooping a small bump onto it. With one hand he carefully re-seals the bag and pockets it, before raising the key to one nostril, pinching the other, and inhaling sharply.

It stings, and Dream exhales a sigh of relief, wiping any remnants of powder from his nose with his thumb, before licking it, nose scrunching at the *vile* taste upon his tongue.

He pockets the house key, and heads back outside.

The kitchen is a mess, counters lined with red solo cups, spilt liquor, and non-alcoholic mixers. With the coke in his system, and his stomach turning with stolen vodka, he finds it in him to socialise, saying hello to a few faces that he vaguely knows, doesn't *quite* hate.

Time passes, and he's due for another bump soon, and as he heads back toward the bathroom, voices in the corner of a nearby laundry attract his attention, and he peeks his head around the corner, curious.

The girl who owns the house, Niki, is arguing with somebody. Some guy, maybe as tall as Dream, drunk off his ass and slurring his words in protest, snarls right back at her.

As the drunk stumbles slightly toward her, his face pinched with something sour, even though Dream can see the slightest flicker of fear in her eyes, Niki stands her ground firmly against him, arms folded, and her own matching snarl to mirror the drunk's.

Sapnap was right. Niki is cool.

And Dream's seen enough.

So he makes himself known.

"Everything alright in here?" His words are casual, but his tone is firm, stern, and he watches Niki's shoulders drop in relief as she realises she isn't alone anymore.

"This *guy*," she spits, "Was not *invited*. And now he's causing a *scene*."

It's true. He is. People are beginning to murmur, peeking around the corner, and the guy is obnoxiously loud in his protests.

"Hey, *fuck you*—"

Dream's never really had the patience for people, let alone *assholes*.

So, even though he has no doubts Niki could handle herself, he steps in, trying to defuse the situation before it escalates.

"Hey," he raises his voice, gets the asshole's attention on him, "Come on, man. She asked you to leave, just head out and there won't be any trouble. No problem."

His voice doesn't waver, powder in his nose sparking his confidence once more, and he angles his head slightly to glance at Niki.

"You can head back to the party," he murmurs, hands clenched in his pockets, "I'll try and handle this."

Niki steps back, smiles at him, grateful, before she slides out of the room, herding the majority of the crowd.

The drunk turns, wobbling as he faces Dream.

"What the fuck are you gonna do, huh?"

Dream cocks his head, frowns.

"Dude, *come on*. Just leave it—"

"Your nose is bleeding. What are you, some kind of fucking *junkie*?"

What?

Dream can't help the subconscious hand that pats at his nose.

He *is* bleeding. It's a fresh one though, only likely just started.

He wipes at it with the back of his hand, doesn't say a word, just stares at the drunk in front of him.

The coke sparks his confidence.

“You’re just a stupid fucking *junkie*, aren’t you? Just a dumb, *fucking*—“

The coke sparks his already shortened fuse.

His knuckles connect with the soft skin of the man's nose, and he feels the crunch of cartilage beneath them, feels the way the man’s head snaps to side with the force of it, as he stumbles, yells, *falls*.

He drops to his knees on the laundry tiles, hand flies up to his nose and he shouts, shocked, *pained*.

Dream could probably hit him again.

*Hit him while he faces away, unexpected, boom, lights fucking **out**, no more.*

But as he motions to pull his fist back once more—

“Dream!”

Sapnap.

He spins.

His friend’s eyes are wide, and he has this wide-eyed expression on his face, an expression that encompasses the phrase “*oh shit*”, and Dream is pretty fucking sure he can figure out why.

He’s got *George* next to him.

George, who just saw everything.

George, who looks stunned and shocked, but not surprised. He wears a similar expression to Sapnap.

Like they had expected it.

It’s at this moment that Dream’s comedown really begins to hit.

The craving signalises that there’s nothing left in his system, nothing left to encourage him, nothing

left to fuel his confidence, feed him bravery.

And with nothing left, there's nothing to suppress his anxiety any more.

So he panics.

He shoves his way out of the room, out of the back door and into the yard, around the side of the house, through the front yard, feet moving in hurried steps as he walks to the street, breath coming in harrowed, nervous, *shaken*.

He stands in the middle of the road, stares up the starless sky, at the clouds illuminated dimly by the moon behind them, at the street lights that line the road, and slowly, deeply, he inhales, trying to regulate his panicked breathing.

"Dream?"

George.

He can't bring himself to face him.

"Dream, hey, are you okay?"

A hand tugs at the denim of his jacket, and he turns, laughs weakly.

"You just saw me probably *break* that guy's *nose*, and you're asking if *I'm* okay? *Why?*"

"Because you ran off, idiot," George rolls his eyes, like it's the most obvious answer in the world, "Niki said you were dealing with some asshole, so it sounds like he deserved it."

It's almost embarrassing how quickly George can soothe him, as a cool hand reaches up to cup the side of his face, thumb smoothing gently over his cheekbones. George's other hand hangs limp by his side, clung to a glass bottle:

"I think," Dream hesitates, licks his lips, "I think I gotta get out of here, sorry."

"Do you..." George's voice is timid, as his palms slip from Dream's face, and he takes a nervous step back, as though he's afraid he's crossed some non-existent line, "Do you want me to come with you?"

He sounds as though he's expecting a 'no', and Dream can't help the laugh that chokes out of him.

George has been on his mind from the moment he met him. He doesn't think he could ever say no to him.

"Yeah, of course I do," he feels himself flush, and he sniffs awkwardly, rubbing at his nose, scratching at the dried blood he finds, "I mean, if you want to, anyway."

George's timid expression quickly shifts into a grin, and gestures up the street with his head.

"You live this way, don't you?"

He does.

George reaches out once more, grips the sleeve of Dream's denim jacket, and tugs him encouragingly, before letting go and heading up the road, leading the way.

Dream would be lying if he said he didn't stand back a while, just to watch him walk.

But eventually, he rushes after him, catches up, and they walk side by side. George shakes the bottle in his hand. The sound of liquid inside of glass echoes throughout the street.

"I stole this from the house," he admits with a laugh, "It's just, like, shitty white wine, but like, I figure it's compensation for the bad ending to the night, you know?"

Dream can't resist the urge to smile. He takes the offering of the bottle, sips it.

*George is right. It's **really** shitty wine.*

He hands it back, and George continues suddenly, nervously taking a sip when he pauses between his words.

"Last weekend... It was starting to feel like some kind of— kind of really vivid *dream* or something," his voice is soft as he holds the bottle to his chest, the street lights reflecting off of the mossy, green glass, "I didn't know how to find you again. The only time I'd ever hear of your existence was some— some *wild, exaggerated college story*."

Dream snorts, remembering how George had laughed when he'd admitted they were never as

glamorous as they seemed.

“The most realistic one was Alex telling me he crashed your party, and walked in on you doing coke in your bathroom like it was nothing.”

“Alex?”

“Yeah, Alex, people call him Quackity? He’s a law student,” George looks off to the side, thinking of how to describe him, “But he’s kinda chaotic? Bit of a stoner, but a total lightweight, because he’s like, twenty, and doesn’t drink a lot.”

Dream thinks back to the party, to his bathroom.

“*You’re fuckin’ crazy, man—*“

Dream grins, shakes his head, laughs.

“I think I remember him, actually.”

“Of course it was true,” George joins him in his laughter, “I should have known.”

There’s a beat of silence, filled with only the sound of their footsteps on the asphalt, and the occasional sound of George, swigging from the bottle, before he passes it. The song of crickets fills the gaps.

“Sapnap offered me your number,” Dream admits after a long pull from the bottle, “Like a thousand times, to try to get me to stop moping.”

“And you didn’t take it?”

“I thought maybe hooking up with a dumb junkie was probably something you wanted to keep a one time thing.”

George *blinks*.

“*Dumb j—* You *literally* do freelance work doing *coding*, and Sapnap said you have the *highest* grades in the core classes. You’ll probably get awards for it when you graduate, you’re *insane*.”

Dream glances at him, curious.

“You’ve been talking to Sap about me?”

George flushes, looks away, pauses in his stride a moment before continuing.

“I was just— I was *curious*, and I want to see how you were going, and—“

“Stalking me, huh?”

It’s lighthearted and easy when Dream says it, and he knocks his shoulder affectionately into George’s, as he splutters, embarrassed.

“I’m teasing. I know you and Sap have got classes together. I might have asked him about you.”

“Oh? What did you ask?”

Dream shrugs, ignoring the heat that burns along his cheekbones, and at the tops of his ears.

are you sure he’s single? there’s no way he’s single, it’s impossible that he’s single, right?

“Nothing important. He never gave me an answer, anyway.”

please just let me give you his number so you can just shut the fuck up.

Dream chuckles at the memory. His skin itches, a numb tingle, chewing at him, and he scratches at the back of his hand as he passes the bottle back.

“You do that when you’re craving. I remember. Are you?”

Dream snorts at that. *Of course he noticed.*

“Always.”

He hesitates before he takes out the house key and the plastic bag, the fear of George hating him, thinking of him as some loser addict still lingering, but the craving eventually wins out.

It always does.

He pauses, fumbles with the crumpled bag, scooping out a bump, taking it as George watches curiously. They continue walking.

“That seems smaller than the lines you were doing last weekend.”

“Yeah,” Dream rubs at his burning nose, “I’m kinda running low. Plus, bumps are easier than lines.”

“... Can I try?”

Dream laughs, jams everything back into his pockets, making sure nothing will fall out, before letting his hands hang back by his side.

“No way,” he sniffs, “I’m not gonna be the one to get you hooked on coke, babe.”

The name slips out, but it feels good, so he lets it hang there, relishing in the way he can see George flush even under the dim street lights.

“What, one bump is really enough?”

“For coke? *Absolutely*. Was for me,” he sighs, almost melancholic, “Maybe I’ll let you try something else sometime. Not coke, though.”

George is quiet at that. He takes a swig.

Between them, their hands bump together. Dream feels a bit like a teenager when he flushes as he curls his fingers around George’s.

“I’m sorry,” he murmurs, “This is the first time you’ve seen me in a week, and you’ve seen me like *this*.”

George laughs, shakes his head.

“Don’t be sorry. You don’t scare me. You know that,” he glances at Dream sideways, “And besides, that guy was a dickhead. It was kind of hot when you hit him.”

“You’re so *weird*,” Dream says as he laughs, but it comes out *soft, fond and gentle*.

The coke fuels him once more, and the conversation comes easy. Laughter, jokes, a constant heat on both their cheeks. After George takes another swig, stumbling slightly, Dream reaches out to

twirl him, to spin him, like there's music in the silent, night-time air.

He twirls him back, pulling him close with a laugh.

George stretches up, tip-toeing just the slightest, and, very carefully, he brushes his lips against Dream's. Dream tries to chase him, tries to deepen the kiss, but George tugs away with a smile, twirls away once more, walking in front of him like nothing happened, all the way to Dream's front door.

As Dream unlocks the door, he hesitates.

He's not sure what he wants here.

But he doesn't want this to end, he knows that much.

"Do you..."

He trails off, nervous once more.

"Do I...?"

"... Wanna come in?" He's shy as he says it, and as George bites his lip in thought, Dream is taken back to their first encounter in his bedroom, when he had so suddenly not wanted this boy to leave, wanted him to stay.

"We can just like... catch up? Or whatever."

"*Or whatever,*" George repeats with a laugh, and Dream winces, because okay, yeah, maybe that sounded bad, "I'd love to come in."

George follows him through the hallway, past the blood stained wall that had left the thin wound in Dream's eyebrow, courtesy of his drunken self, and into his bedroom.

He doesn't hesitate when he kicks off his shoes, and crawls onto the bed, sits with his back against the wall, sipping from the wine bottle.

Dream is almost afraid by how it looks like he *belongs, so perfect*, and he can't help but stare.

"What are you looking at?" George queries.

"I spent days picturing you in my room again," he admits with a laugh, "And now you're *here*, and I don't know what to do."

"You could always start by joining me?"

He does so, kicks off his own shoes, discards his jacket to the floor, and clambers onto the bed, pressing their thighs against one another, relishing in George's warmth.

"Now what?" He asks, a tired grin creeping onto his features.

"Oh, it's up to me? Hm," George takes another sip from the bottle, before he presses the mouth of it to Dream's lips, tipping it slightly, making him drink, "Well... honestly..."

He pauses.

"You look really fucking exhausted."

Ah.

Dream's actually about to get cockblocked by his own mental health.

Now that's a first.

"When did you sleep last?"

"Like, uh, properly?"

He doesn't know.

He's caught an hour or two here and there, he knows that much, but it's mostly been a blur, a messy conglomerate of lines, of coke, of code.

His silence speaks volumes.

"Could you sleep if you tried?"

The coke has worn off by now, and Dream thinks he could, maybe. He's not sure if he wants to though. Not when he has George, right here, so close to him.

He shrugs.

"Well," George sits up suddenly, leans over Dream to place the nearly-empty wine bottle on his bedside table, begins to unzip his jeans, "I'm exhausted. So, I'm gonna sleep. Up to you if you wanna join me."

He manages to slide under the covers, as he stares at Dream, almost daring. And as Dream tugs off his own jeans, he's fairly sure that he's just been tricked into this.

But he joins George under the covers, and George rewards him sweetly, brushing another barely there kiss against his lips, curling up against him, and Dream adores the way they fit together, so perfectly.

He tries for another kiss, and pouts when George dodges him with a laugh.

“Sleep,” he whispers to him, “I’ll be here.”

And he does.

When Dream wakes up, his head aches, his arms are empty, and the inside of his mouth tastes like *shit*.

Underneath the wine bottle on his bedside table, is a note.

A string of numbers, *a phone number* , paired with a message.

“You talk in your sleep, XO.”

Dream flushes, curious about what he might have said. But as the sun streams in through Dream’s open curtains, aggravating his hangover, hearing his chilled, sweating skin, he has a thought.

He hasn’t slept this well in a very long time.

with no discretion

Chapter Summary

“I have something,” George admits, digging into the soft, grey fabric of his hoodie, hands searching in the pocket, “That might help.”

When George uncurls his palm, Dream freezes.

Two dark blue pills, pressed into the shape of smiley faces, peer up at him from a small plastic bag.

The cravings itch at him. Tug at paranoia. Tug at anger.

Dream snaps.

Chapter Notes

on a lighter note, I HAD TO FUCKING SPLIT THIS TWO PARTER INTO THREE PARTS LMAOOO I got carried away but the third part is legit just porn oops. But hey, without further ado, here is the second part of this fic!
please enjoy <3

as always, this fic contains a lot of drug n alcohol use, so please be mindful of that going in!! big love to u all

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream’s head is spinning when he awakens once more, only a couple hours later, the alcohol gradually slipping from his bloodstream.

The corners of his bedroom ceiling continuously drift off to the side, and he subconsciously tries to follow the shifting architecture with his gaze, only exacerbating the nausea that coincides with this sickening, dancing room.

He closes his eyes in an attempt to still the painful twisting of his mind, to prevent the disgusting, motionless motion-sickness that grips his brain.

It only seems to make things worse.

He sits up in his bed, and as he does so, the movement jostles his stomach, and his head, in all of the wrong ways.

Fuck.

He belches as he leaps out of bed, slamming a hand over his mouth and clenching his jaw as he scampers out of his bedroom, and down the hall into the bathroom, the acrid taste of stomach acid and last night's wine flooding his mouth with a vengeance.

He doesn't bother to head for the toilet, knows he won't make it, instead dropping to his knees by their shower, leaning forward over the bathtub and, less than gracefully, throwing up onto the once-clean ceramic.

His shoulders twitch as he dry heaves a moment, and as he spots movement from the corner of his eye, he realises it's probably for the best he didn't bother to try for the toilet, because Sapnap's currently pissing in there.

His friend leans his head back to peak out the open doorway, before flushing and entering the room to wash his hands. He meets Dream's gaze in the mirror and offers him a small smile as he does so.

"How you holding up, big guy?"

"Fuck you," Dream grumbles in between his heaving breaths, "Fuck you *so* hard. How do you *never* have a fucking hangover?"

"Easy," Sapnap grins at him, before kneeling next to him by the bathtub, "I don't drink enough to make my liver suicidal, and I also don't combine it with literally any other substance."

Dream flips him off as he belches again, hair slipping from his messy bun, sticking to his sweaty face, falling in front of his eyes. He shoves it out of the way, tucked back behind his ears, as another bout of nausea causes him to heave into the tub once more, and he gives up on flipping off Sapnap in exchange for gripping the sides of the bathtub with both hands.

Sapnap sighs. It's a disappointed, resigned sound. But he shuffles on the tile floor, and reaches up to re-tie Dream's hair as he vomits.

Dream tries to shoot him a grateful look, but he's not quite sure how it comes across as he suddenly heaves loudly, eyes slamming shut, his body in tremors from the nasty combination of a hangover, and what is currently his longest comedown all week.

Sapnap seems to get it though.

"It's all good," he says with a chuckle, standing up once more, "You can pay me back pretty easily."

"How?" Dream manages, voice wet and thick, eyes shut tight.

“Unclog the bathtub when you’re done.”

Fuck.

After Dream’s stomach finally gets the message that it is, in fact, *completely fucking empty*, and there is, in fact, *nothing fucking left to come up*, the nausea begins to subside. He gradually works his way through a litre of water, and a packet of what must be the driest crackers in existence, until he’s satisfied that he won’t be sick again.

The bathtub is unclogged, much to his shame, and he bleaches it for good measure, scrubbing away any lingering smells or stains, before he finally showers, rinsing away the sour smell of sweat, and the tang of shitty wine that seems to stick to him.

His breath is even worse, and he brushes his teeth twice, just to be safe, and *god, he really hopes he didn’t breathe on George that much—*

George.

Oh god.

He lightly smacks his forehead against the wall, grimacing around his toothbrush.

He truly hopes that George didn’t wake up suffocating, and that most of the comedown sweats had started *after* he left.

After he left, and left his number behind.

Couldn’t have been that bad then, Dream thinks, relief providing him with a gentle smile.

He towels off, dresses, and makes his way back to his bedroom.

The ceiling spins significantly less now, and the hangover gradually ebbs away.

The comedown, however, lingers.

It always does.

It takes an uncomfortable amount of effort for Dream to finally reach over, and remove the piece of paper from where it still sits, underneath the wine bottle.

The condensation from the bottle as it warmed overnight has left a ring-mark, and the ink is slightly smeared in some places, but the writing remains legible.

Dream adds George's contact information to his phone as he walks to the living room, ignoring the astronomical volume of the absolute *silence* that fills his head.

His mind screams at the tops of it's lungs, screams absolutely *nothing*, and it's unnerving at the best of times, an uncomfortable, almost frightening experience.

When his mind finds something to actually yell about though, he almost misses the deafening silence.

He drops his frame onto the couch in a huff, as his mind does just that.

It finds something.

And it picks at it.

Like a healing scab under curious fingers, it *picks*, and Dream winces as the pain finds its mark, while he stares at the empty text box on his phone screen.

What the fuck is he even supposed to say? Thanks for putting him to bed like the stubborn child he is?

The words bite at him, seeking purchase, and Dream sighs.

They have strong teeth. A firm grip.

What a fucking mess last night was. Nothing but pure idiocy, nothing but Dream fucking up once more, like he *always* does.

Nothing but fights, nothing but blood, nothing but that constant seeking of something, something good, *something immediately satisfying*.

And for a minute, instead of the cocaine, instead of all the drinking, that something had been

George.

Jesus.

Dream rubs at his neck as he stares at the text box.

He probably shouldn't even message him, right?

He's getting obsessive, getting addicted, and it's just not fucking safe, not for him, not for George.

One of them will probably get hurt.

Really hurt.

It'll probably be Dream.

And yet, he continues to stare at the text box anyway, thinking about how to get George to talk to him again, how to see him again, despite the pain it's causing his aching head.

He can feel Sapnap staring at him from the other couch, and he glances up, watching as he swallows a mouthful of cereal.

Shit. He should eat. Eating's a thing.

God, he's hungry.

...When did he last eat?

The realisation must be evident on his face, and Sapnap rolls his eyes, sits up, crosses the room, and holds out the bowl.

"Take it," he insists, "I'll grab another one."

Dream doesn't get a chance to protest, because Sapnap suddenly loosens his grip, and he grabs the bowl in a rush, dropping his phone to the couch in an attempt to prevent any of the milk spilling.

Tricked into sleeping. Tricked into eating. What the fuck is next?

Sapnap joins him on the couch shortly after, on the same couch this time, not across from him, second bowl of cereal in his hands, and as they eat together in silence, he glances at Dream's hurriedly dropped phone between them, the display still showing the empty text box, cursor

flashing impatiently.

“Finally got his number, hm?”

Dream flushes, shrugs, takes another hurried bite of cereal.

“Gonna text him?”

Dream doesn't fucking *know*. And, judging from the gleeful, mocking tone of Sapnap's voice, he *does* know.

His friend grins at him, and Dream scowls.

It's really not that menacing, not through the mouthful of cereal that he chews aggressively.

He swallows eventually, drums his fingernails on the side of the bowl in his hands.

“I have no fucking idea what to say, man,” he admits, frustrated, “Like, seriously nothing.”

The stress in his voice must carry over, because the mocking grin slips from Sapnap's face, slips into something more thoughtful. He snaps his fingers suddenly, an idea forming, jostling his own bowl of cereal, accidentally splashing some milk onto his jeans.

“Invite him to the party we're having tonight.”

Dream frowns at that, confused. He usually makes a note of when Sapnap's got a party in mind, plans his deals in advance so he doesn't run short.

“... We're having a party?”

Sapnap shrugs, takes out his own phone from his pocket, wiggling it in the air.

“We can be.”

“I don't know if that's really a good idea. I don't know about you, but I'm kinda broke right now,” Dream exhales, drumming his fingers once more, fidgety, “And, like, I'm... I'm out.”

He says the last part more quietly, like he's ashamed of it.

He never used to be.

“You know how I get,” he murmurs, staring at his warped reflection in the leftover milk of his cereal bowl.

“What,” Sapnap scoffs, “Bitchy and frustrated? Like, how you sometimes get when you’re *on* coke?”

Dream has to laugh at that. Sapnap continues.

“Just don’t drink so much, and you’ll probably be okay. You’re usually alright for the first twenty four hours, aren’t you?”

“Yeah, usually.”

“So, just don’t go starting fights, and we’ll be fine.”

“Okay, but how exactly are we affording drinks for a *whole* party?”

“This magical thing known as ‘BYO’,” Sapnap grins and Dream laughs once more, “We’ll just buy for ourselves, and maybe a few people we don’t totally hate, no worries.”

“I hate everyone.”

“I love you too.”

Sapnap puckers his lips exaggeratedly, and Dream shoves him, rolls his eyes as Sapnap’s face lights up once more, never happier than when Dream is acting like himself for once.

“So, you’re in?”

Dream hesitates, leaning forward to place his empty bowl on the ground, careful not to knock it over.

He stretches, with a long-winded sigh, his joints a symphony of pops and cracks, and he glances at his phone once more, at the screen which has now gone dim.

“I’m in.”

It doesn’t take long to procure a few bottles of shitty wine between them, and Dream tries not to wince at the familiar sight of green glass, stomach turning at the thought of the taste and smell.

The fridge is also stocked with orange juice, and for that, Dream is grateful, because at least it’ll disguise *some* of that overly memorable taste from last night, and also this morning, the second time around, as Dream had ruined their bathtub.

Sapnap busies himself with sending out messages, and Dream watches as his fingers fly quickly

across the touch screen of his phone, tongue stuck out in concentration.

“Aaaand... done.”

He hits the send button with a ferocity, and gestures at Dream with a simple nod, as he jams his phone into the back pocket of his jeans.

“Now you.”

Dream hesitates, flicks his gaze down to his phone in his hands, stares the empty text box once more.

There’s a beat.

“Oh my god,” Sapnap sighs, stalking over to him, “You have *literally*, physically staked your claim on this guy, and yet you *still* don’t know how to speak to him? Are you serious?”

Dream whines a noise of protest as his friend yanks the phone from his fingertips, and dances away, texting rapidly.

“Done,” Sapnap grins as he dodges Dream once more, jumping backwards, pulling the phone just out of his reach, “You think too much, you know?”

“What did you say? Sap, I’m *serious*, what the *fuck*—“

The phone buzzes in Sapnap’s outstretched hand, and Dream pauses in his frenzied swipes for it, frozen in place.

His friend glances at the screen, grins, and tosses the phone back to Dream, who fumbles with catching it before maintaining his grip.

“Hey it’s Dream :),” the text from absolutely *not* Dream reads, “*saps decided to throw a party tonight, will probably kick off like ten, you should come around?? it’s byo though, sorry xx*”

The following text is short and to the point .

“*Finally texted me huh? ;) Hmm, I think I could get something, maybe! x*”

Dream glares at the victorious grin that Sapnap wears across from him, arms folded.

“Okay,” he begins, arguing, “But, it’s not exactly a yes either. He still might not show up—“

“Dream, oh my *god*, he’ll show up. He’s almost as obsessed with you as you are with him, and that’s *really* saying something—“

Sapnap cuts himself off with a sigh as he watches Dream grimace, shoulders sinking, deflated.

“Dream—“

“It’s fine.”

It’s not fine.

Dream hates nothing more than this side of his mind, this disgusting, dark, ugly, possessive thing, the side that clings and bites and holds.

George could probably do so much better than him.

But, that shitty, possessive part of his brain grasps onto Sapnap’s off handed statement, holding the words “obsessed with you” in an iron grip.

It is given an inch, and with it, it goes a mile.

Dream shakes his head, shakes away the sick, bubble of pride at those words, and gestures toward the direction of his bedroom.

“I’ve got a thing to do. Let me know when you need help setting up, yeah?”

Sapnap nods, and Dream hones in on the way he still regretfully holds his bottom lip between his teeth, and he darts forward to slug him playfully, gently, and then pull his friend into a brief one-armed hug.

“It’s fine, Sap, I promise.”

He ducks away again, and as he turns toward his bedroom, he itches subconsciously at a tingle that licks up under the skin of his wrist.

Despite the influx of people gathering in their living room, Niki is the first person to arrive that Dream actually recognises, all pink hair and sweet smiles, a bottle of something fancy in each hand. Her face lights up, and it surprises Dream, but nowhere near as much as the clumsy hug she bundles him in without warning, bottles still in a firm grip, pressed against his back.

“Dream!” She pulls back, grins at him, “I’ve been meaning to thank you for sorting out *that* guy.”

Dream laughs awkwardly, feels himself flush as he nervously tugs at the bun his hair is tied up in.

“Shit, I’m really sorry about that—“

“What for?” Her eyebrows tug together as she shakes her head with a laugh, “He deserved it. This is for you!”

She holds out one of the bottles, and Dream can see now that it’s some kind of vodka, the glass clear and the letters a swirling script, and he shakes his head, trying to push it back.

“Oh, god, no I couldn’t—“

Niki lets go of the bottle, and it forces Dream to grip it, preventing it from crashing to the ground.

She grins at him, twirls away, almost pixie-like under the cheap, coloured flashing lights, and disappears into the mass of people.

How the hell does he keep getting tricked into shit lately?

He glances back down at the bottle, shaking his head as he manoeuvres his way to the kitchen, eyes skimming the label, catching sight of the word *vanilla*.

Somebody calls out to him, calls out to *Clay*, distracting him, and he offers a wiggle of his fingers and a shy grin, fighting off a wince at the use of his real name.

He busies himself with pouring a shot of Niki’s gifted vodka, curious of the flavour, of the sweet notes that lingers in the otherwise normally acrid scent of alcohol.

The shot is knocked back with ease, the vodka surprisingly smooth, and Dream wipes the droplet the leaks from the corner of his mouth, blinks in surprise.

It burns, but the aftertaste is sweet and creamy in flavour, and Dream finds himself enjoying it.

He glances at the bottle again, before carrying it out of the kitchen, eyes flicking from person to person, before they settle on his housemate, mingling with a small group of people.

“Sap,” he calls, “Dude, *try this!*”

Sapnap takes the bottle without hesitation, tips it up to his lips before smacking them. Dream laughs at the myriad of emotions that flicker over his face, as Sapnap checks the label.

“Did you *steal* this?” He asks with a laugh, handing it back, “This is *way* too fancy for us.”

Dream gestures over his shoulder, pointing his thumb at where Niki laughs at something another girl says, and Sapnap grins.

“I *told* you she was cool!”

She *is* cool.

Dream finds himself lingering beside either her or Sapnap for the majority of the night, neither of the two caring when he has little to say.

The party wears on, only increasing in volume and capacity, and Dream sips his vanilla vodka slowly, careful not to overdo it, lest his temper slip.

But, the problem with not overdoing it, is that he’s left painfully anxious, socially awkward, and afraid.

He runs on autopilot, nods when he’s supposed to not, grins when he’s supposed to grin, laughs when he’s supposed to laugh, and the anxiety sits heavy and thick inside his throat.

Meanwhile, his skin crawls.

The craving has never been this intense so quickly, and with it, comes the side effects, the sickening paranoia.

Is somebody staring at him?

*Is **everyone** staring at him?*

*Can they see him **itching** at his arms, see the way his nails briefly disappear under the long sleeves of his chartreuse hoodie, to itch at a non-existent rash?*

He checks his phone.

There’s still no new texts from George, but *surely* he’d be here by now.

He politely extracts himself from a conversation that he barely has a word in, and he begins his

search.

He spends a good twenty minutes like this, glancing around each room with care, hoping to catch a glimpse of George.

Each time, he is desperately hopeful, and each time, he is disappointed.

There is no sign of him.

Nothing.

With a sinking feeling in his chest, a blanket of disappointment that leaves him shivering, Dream resigns himself to his room.

His skin continues to crawl. The burn of alcohol is far less comforting than usual, and as he opens the door to his room, his gaze is focused on his phone screen, as with one hand he sends a text.

“Hey, where are you?”

Something buzzes in his bedroom, and he jolts with a start, glancing up at the sound.

On Dream’s bed, lies George.

He rests on his stomach, phone in hand, and he startles as Dream clicks the door shut behind him, just loud enough to hear over the music. There’s a whiskey bottle on the bedside table, missing a good quarter, indicating how long he’s been here.

Dream approaches him, places his vodka next to the whiskey.

George glances over his shoulder, before offering Dream a cheeky grin.

“You took your time.”

“What—“ Dream splutters, shakes his head, ignoring a strand that slips from his bun, tickling the back of his neck, “What are you *doing* here?”

“... You invited me?”

Dream laughs, rolls his eyes as he reaches up to undo the rapidly loosening hair tie.

He either needs to cut his hair, or let it grow longer, it's such an awkward length to tie currently.

"Obviously, but what are you doing *here*, here," he chuckles as he tugs the tie onto his wrist, "I didn't even know you came."

"I was about to text you, actually," George shakes his phone, and Dream can see his text on it, see the way his contact name is saved with a heart emoji, "I was getting tired of waiting."

Dream laughs, and he scratches at the skin underneath the hair tie, snaps it against his skin for good measure. He hates the way George zeroes in on it almost immediately, sitting up on his bed.

"You're craving?"

"Yeah," he sighs, making his way to sit next to George, "I'm kinda out of coke."

George hesitates suddenly, worrying his lip between his teeth and Dream frowns.

"What?"

"I have something," George admits, digging into the soft, grey fabric of his hoodie, hands searching in the pocket, "That might help."

When George uncurls his palm, Dream *freezes*.

Two dark blue pills, pressed into the shape of smiley faces, peer up at him from a small plastic bag.

The cravings *itch* at him. Tug at paranoia. Tug at *anger*.

Dream snaps.

"What the *fuck*, George? Since when are you chasing? Haven't I told you enough that it's not worth it?"

Dream pushes his hands through his hair, shocked, annoyed, pissed, and George, ever the surprise, snaps back.

"Oh please, ecstasy is nowhere *near* as intense as coke, so don't you *dare* compare the two," he hisses at him, "I've done it before, I'm not an idiot. Quit being a *hypocrite*, Dream."

“I just— I don’t— Do you *want* me to be high? Is that it?” Dream’s fingers are tangled in his hair now, pulling the soft, blonde strands taut, tugging at his skin as he panics, “Am I just— Am I only good when I’m high?”

George reaches out with his free hand, and he gently tugs Dream’s hand from where it yanks painfully at his scalp. There’s irritation in his face, but his voice is smooth, calming, like he almost understands.

He’s too good for Dream.

“Dream— *No*, of course not. I just thought that you might want to do them together, that’s all. I’m sorry I’ve upset you,” George motions to close his fist once more, hide the plastic bag back in his hand, “That wasn’t my intention.”

*He’s **far** too good for Dream.*

Dream sighs and he flexes the hand that George holds.

“No, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have reacted like that. My head gets a little weird sometimes.”

He leans forward, and bumps their foreheads together gently, apologetically, as he thinks, eyes fixed on George’s closed fist.

He sighs again.

“Have you had these ones before?”

George’s palm opens once more, at the topic change.

“Not these specifically, no.”

“Did you test them?”

George pulls back, a look of confusion pasted on his face.

That’s answer enough.

Dream stands, opens the drawer of the bedside table. He removes a small ceramic plate, a razor blade and a container, which he places on the ground, before moving to turn on the ceiling lamp, seeking better light than the dim bulb of the light on the table.

He sits on the floor, in front of the plate, and next to the bed, and George watches as he opens the container, removing three glass dropper bottles.

He asks for the pills.

George provides them.

He shakes one from the bag, and using the blade, scrapes off three small sections from it, each no bigger than a pinhead. He places the pill back in the bag with its partner.

“...What are you doing?” George finally asks, curious.

“It’s a reagent test,” Dream explains, “Gives you a rough idea of what’s in your shit. Not always super accurate, but better than nothing.”

He shakes the first bottle, uncapping it, before moving to place the first drop into one of the small powdered piles.

“You want this one, marquis, to be black.”

As the liquid hits the powder, it fizzes, before darkening to a blue-black. Specks of red litter it.

“Why black?”

“Black means it’s MDMA, which is what ecstasy *should* be when it’s pure. This is mostly black,” he gestures as he recaps the bottle, “But those red specks mean there’s something else in it, like an uh... amphetamine.”

He’s focused as he repeats the process, with a different bottle on the second pile.

“This one’s mandelin.”

It also turns black, but the specks this time appear as an oceanic green.

“See that? If it goes yellow, then green, it’s meth. Ours went blue, then green, so it’s probably cut with some kind of speed. Not a whole lot though.”

George is strangely quiet, but Dream is fixated on his task. The tension from earlier is still thick.

“This last one, mecke, should go a dark green.”

It does.

“Alright,” Dream sniffs, wipes his running nose, slides the plate under the bed to rinse later, and replaces his equipment back in the bedside table, “Looks good.”

He stands up once more, and as he holds the bag with the pills to George, he frowns. George is biting back a laugh, eyes alight with something mischievous, shoulders shaking.

“What?”

“You *do* remember that I’m *colourblind*, right?”

Oh my fucking god.

Dream feels his mouth pop open, and George *loses it*.

“You forgot—!”

“I did *not*! I was just, like,” Dream struggles, flustered, glowing hot with embarrassment, “Checking *how* colourblind you were—“

George *howls*, and Dream wishes he could melt into the floor, because he’s really just digging himself a deeper hole here.

The tension in the room dissipates so easily, and Dream tosses the baggie back at George, slipping into his own uncontrollable laughter, wheezing as George repeats his lame excuse back at him.

As he switches off the light, leaving them only bathed once more in the dim glow of the table lamp, their chuckles eventually die off, and Dream shuffles onto the bed, leaving them sitting side by side, a familiar notion.

George shakes the two pills into his palm, and hands one to Dream, who hesitates as he holds it between his fingers, staring at the chalky, smiling face.

“You *swear* you’ve done this before?”

“I *swear*, I’ve done this before,” George smiles at him, “You know, for a cokehead, you’re kinda antsy about drugs.”

“I’m antsy about everything,” Dream admits, and then more quietly, “But, mostly I just want you to be safe.”

George is silent for a moment. He leans over, and presses a kiss to the edge of Dream’s jaw, leaving the skin tingling where his mouth brushes.

“So protective,” George murmurs against him, “Bottoms up, I guess.”

Dream chases the pill with creamy vodka, watching as George winces at his own whiskey chaser.

They’ve got anywhere between half an hour to an hour and a half for these to kick in, and Dream exhales a shaky breath.

“Are you nervous?”

“Mm,” Dream hums, leaning against the other boy’s shoulder, “I always get nervous with pills. You never really know how strong they’ll be until they kick in.”

George clicks a soft sound of agreement.

“I don’t really do them that often, so I guess I’ve never really thought about it,” he sniffs, resting his head on Dream’s shoulder, “You seem to know so much.”

Dream shrugs.

“Lot of experience. If you’re gonna do harm to yourself, might as well try to minimise it, you know?”

Even if he doesn’t always try it for himself.

“But, you can’t test how strong the pills are? With those… chemical things?”

“Reagents,” Dream supplies, “And no. It’s more of a vague guide. Saved my ass one time though. Had this pill that tested positive for this shit called PMA — it’s basically just poison. Glad I tested it.”

George’s hand rests on Dream’s thigh, almost comforting, as though he’s trying to take away the lingering fear that coats Dream’s mind whenever he thinks about that pill, trying to keep Dream

safe with his presence alone.

In his heather grey sweatshirt, with his eyes all soft, brown and trusting, George looks almost delicate.

Dream leans against him, just a little more, lolling his head to the side to bump it against George's, placing his own shaking palm where George's hand rests, intertwining their fingers.

He tries not to think how quickly he's falling.

Chapter End Notes

hey hey part 2/3 how we feelin

MAN i have so much planned for this series u guys have no idea so many IDEAS we love to see it

as always, i adore you all, and i'm super responsive as genofeve over on tumblr!!!
looking forward to reading your comments as well, aaaa!!

please, be safe <3

it's an obsession

Chapter Summary

George has always felt good.

But now? Like this? With ecstasy coursing through his bloodstream, with serotonin building, releasing, flooding over his fragile mind, soothing the itch that chews at his skin, slowing the tremors of his shaking hands, with all of this?

George feels heavenly.

Chapter Notes

disclaimer: don't do drugs

disclaimer 2: as mentioned in the last chapter, please don't encourage drug use in my comments, but also PLEASE don't demonise it either. drug use does not define people, it is simply a part of life, and a path that some choose to take, and they deserve to be risk free and judgement free throughout it <3

anyway this is 90% porn oopsy

thank u to steph for always reading my things before i post - you give me the confidence to do literally ANYTHING and I forgot to say THANK U FOR ALL THE INSPIRATION ALWAYS u helped with this second half of this fic SO MUCH u angel

and thank u to all my lovely commenters and ppl who dm or send in asks!!! you give me hope <3

please enjoy guys <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As they wait, fingers intertwined, Dream's shaking doesn't stop, and George lifts their hands, presses a kiss to Dream's knuckles.

"Hopefully the pill will help," he murmurs against Dream's fingers.

It'll take the edge off.

It won't satisfy the whole craving, though. His hands will still shake, and his skin will still itch, ever so faintly under the blanket of euphoria, for the few hours that the pill holds.

But it'll take the edge off.

George's mouth is soft and gentle against Dream's fingers, and Dream tugs his hand away to cup his face, to lean in, and kiss him gently, cautiously, lovingly.

George pulls back suddenly, blinking, running his tongue over his lips.

"Not that I'm complaining, but why do you taste like vanilla?"

Dream *snorts*.

Wordlessly, he hands George the vodka, who takes a swig, face thoughtful as he smacks his lips.

"You made me chase my pill with whiskey, when you had *this*?"

Dream laughs, and he kisses George again, savouring the flavoured liquor on his tongue.

The time passes with an ease, the tension long since faded as the two whisper conversations between them, break up sentences by kissing lazily.

They're still sitting side by side, the alcohol capped and returned to the bedside table, when it happens.

Dream gently presses another kiss to George's mouth, when the smallest sigh escapes his lips, and washes over Dream.

George shudders, and shifts in his position, and the atmosphere begins to thicken.

He begins to kiss Dream back, a little harder, a little more eager, a little more forceful, chasing each one with vengeance, paired with more soft sighs, and electrical shivers, breathing coming in deep gasps.

George's back *arches* as he pushes into the kiss, into some kind of *unseen pleasure*.

The air shifts quickly, leaving Dream dazed.

It hits him, next.

A wave of euphoria creeps over him, washes over his body in a delicious confusion of something both gentle, and sickeningly intense, pushing at him, nudging him, demanding that he chase the spark that George supplies him with.

“Coming up?” He whispers against George’s mouth, who nods, wordless as he clambers into Dream’s lap, straddling him, and kissing him *harder*, tangling his fingers in Dream’s hair.

George has *always* felt good.

But now? *Like this?* With ecstasy coursing through his bloodstream, with serotonin building, releasing, flooding over his fragile mind, soothing the itch that chews at his skin, slowing the tremors of his shaking hands, *with all of this?*

George feels *heavenly*.

Dream can’t help the way his hips jolt, or the way his hands slide down to disappear underneath the fabric of George’s sweatshirt, to grip at his hips and hold him steady, hold him in place as George leans down to nip at the side of his neck, hands fisting in his hoodie.

“Jesus,” Dream sighs as George shifts against him once more, and *fuck, these pants are way too tight*—

“I’ve been thinking about this,” George pants out, as he nips at him again, “All *week*, you know? You got me so fucking *hard*, and it wasn’t *fair*.”

Dream thinks his eyes might roll back in his head when George grinds down against him one more time, and his hips cant up uncontrollably, trying to reciprocate, to feel as much of this as possible.

“I thought about your stupid hands all week. How much you *covered* me with them,” George licks at Dream’s mouth, “You left so many bruises. Some of them are still there. You wanna see?”

Oh god, yes he fucking does.

He doesn’t even have to say anything. George is already up, pushing himself backwards off the bed and tugging down his jeans before he wriggles his way back into Dream’s lap, seated on his thighs as he strips himself of his grey sweatshirt and undershirt, all fair skin and the lightest splash of freckles across his shoulders.

George is *covered* in marks.

It’s insane. It’s *gorgeous*.

There are faded crescents that Dream can tell would fit the shape of his teeth, and softer marks from where he’s sucked at the skin.

He can see more bruises, just above the waistband of George's underwear, a dusky, blue-green hybrid of a colour in some areas, and a muted golden-brown in others, disappearing underneath the fabric, curving in the shape of fingerprints.

Dream reaches out with his hands, fits them carefully to the mottled skin, and feels something *sick* and *possessive* howl inside of him, relishing in the way that *he did this, all his, George has his signatures all over him*.

He grips the bruises, firm, and grins when George's hiss of pain dissolves into a gasp of pleasure.

With drugs in his system, and a pretty boy in his lap, all for him, Dream returns to his lost over-confidence.

"You *love* it, don't you?" He whispers, tugging him closer, dragging his nose across George's, kissing him once more, "You *love* the way I marked you up, for *everyone* to see."

George shudders, chokes when Dream squeezes the bruised skin *harder*, eyes fluttering shut.

And yet—

"It was so *annoying*," he whines, "I had so *many*, and I had to be careful, or—"

"Or *what*, hm?" Dream skims his nose down, across the soft skin of George's jawline, "Or else they'd find out what a *slut* you are?"

He rolls his hips upwards, punctuating his words, and he can feel the feral grin that splits across his face when George gasps, whines.

"I'm not—"

"Aren't you?" He rolls his hips once more, and *fuck, he needs his jeans off*, "So, why'd you stay that first night? You're telling me you *didn't* wanna fuck me? Not even a little?"

He runs a hand up, brushes a thumb over George's nipple, grins when he gasps, arches his back, the pills amplifying everything, making the pleasure *so much stronger*, making it hit *so much harder*.

"I've wanted to fuck you since I *heard* of you," George chokes out through a watery laugh, "But I'm not a *slut*."

“No? So, if I stop then—“

George practically hisses when Dream drags his hands away, and he slides out of Dream’s lap, tugging at his jeans.

“Off,” he demands, “Get these *off*.”

“So *needy*,” Dream laughs as he pushes the offending garment out of the way, shedding his hoodie as well, leaving him in his underwear, “I *love* it.”

There’s a fire coursing through Dream’s veins as he pushes the slender boy down on the bed, as he slides down to match his fingers against familiar curves and bruises, as George arches his back, trying to get even closer to Dream’s hands, which already grip at his hips, and push him back down to the mattress.

“Wasn’t fair that I got you all turned on, was it?” Dream smirks up at George, and he pulls the waistband of his underwear down with vigour, marvels at the way George’s dick springs upward, “Let me fix that.”

George’s underwear is discarded to the floor, and he twitches, moans, reaches a hand down to grip at himself.

Dream is now *certain* he’s died somehow, died and gone somewhere else.

The way George looks underneath him is beautiful, a mosaic of sharp angles and softer curves, his creamy complexion dotted with freckles, and clouds of bruises that make him look positively devilish.

Devilish is definitely the right word for it, Dream thinks as he watches George stroke himself, pretty pink mouth open in pleasure, shifting into a dirty little smile when he opens his eyes, and catches sight of Dream watching him.

“Take a picture,” George rasps from under him, “It’ll last longer.”

God, that’s an idea.

Posing George up just how he’d like.

Get to stare at him whenever he’d like.

“Maybe some other time,” Dream retorts with his own smile, nudges away the hand that George is using, “I’ve got other plans.”

He leans down, and with one of his hands left pinning George’s hip, and the other circling the base of his cock, he licks a stripe from top to bottom, before taking the tip in his mouth, and sinking down to where his hip grips, letting George’s dick brush the back of his throat.

Even with one hand keeping his hips in place, George writhes, and Dream glances up as he rises back to suck at the tip once more, before slowly depthroating George again.

“Oh *fuck*—“

Dream’s got experience in this field.

Maybe they weren’t his finest moments, maybe some of it was experiences he never should have had, mind and body fogged and clouded as he used the person under him for a night he almost always hated, *just desperate for a distraction*.

He usually tries not to think about it.

He blurs it out, lets the memories disintegrate into scattered powder.

But much like Dream uses scattered powder, he uses his experience.

And George fucking *loves it*.

He gasps, swears, calls Dream’s name when Dream occasionally pulls off for moments at a time, angling his head further down to lick at the tight ring of muscle, and he grins when George whimpers, and arches his back once more.

“Look at you,” Dream teases as he pulls himself up, tilts George up by his chin as he strokes him with a free hand, and subconsciously grinds himself against George’s body, underwear preventing skin contact, but not stopping the pleasure, “You’re so fucking *pretty*.”

Dream freezes a moment when George turns his head to kiss him, pulls away.

“George, I *literally* just—“

“I don’t fucking *care*,” George hisses and surges up once more, “Kiss me, *please*.”

Dream blinks, laughs, obeys.

“You’re fucking *filthy*,” he hissed back, and George shudders at the hint of venom in his voice, still laced with tones of fondness, “I *love* it.”

He kisses George once more, long and deep, holds his chin firmly in place, can’t stop himself from thinking of all the things he’d love to do to this boy, all the ways he’d like to take him apart and put him back together again, all the ways he’d like to make him *scream*.

He lets go of George’s chin, and holds his index and middle finger out, brushing at George’s bitten lips.

George doesn’t need to be told.

He parts his lips, and curls his tongue around Dream’s fingers, eyes fluttering shut, long eyelashes brushing his cheeks, and he sucks.

Dream wonders when the hell he suddenly got so lucky.

He can feel his body temperature rising, heated from the pills, and from the excitement of having George under him.

And then he feels something else.

Long periods of hard abuse, of excessive cocaine, have damaged Dream’s nasal passages, and now, occasionally, sometimes even without coke, his nose just—

Something wet slides out of his nose, and he groans when he tastes blood on his lips, swears when it drips onto George’s alabaster skin, and moves to pull his fingers out of his mouth, to cup at his nose, to apologise.

He doesn’t get that far though, because when pulls back, George bites down.

Not hard enough to hurt, but hard enough to get his attention, and Dream catches the *look* George gives him.

“... You *don’t* want me to stop?”

George bites harder and Dream chuckles at the pink that crosses his cheeks, at the memory of George blushing at the sight of blood on his teeth, when they first met in this very bedroom, when he was angry and rough.

George really does like it rough.

Dream watches the way his blood spatters on George's chest when he changes position, an addition of abstract art onto something already a masterpiece.

He softly pulls his fingers from George's mouth, and leans down once more, licks at the spit coating George's bottom lip, bites at them, kisses them, adoring the way George couldn't care less about the blood smeared across his face.

Dream thinks he'd like to see it streaked with something else.

He adjusts his position, lets go of George's straining cock and grips his hip, and moves his spit soaked fingers between George's thighs, lower and lower, until they graze his hole.

Dream is gentle when he presses his fingers against it.

Spit is not a good replacement for lube, but with only two fingers, it works for now.

And besides, Dream thinks as he watches the way George pushes back onto them with a gasp, watches the way they slowly sink inside, dragging the tiniest amount, *George likes it rough.*

"You tell me you're not a slut," Dream grins, as he fingers George slowly, alternating between glancing at what his hand is doing, and what George's blissed out face looks like, "But then you let me do *this*. I haven't even taken you on a *date* yet, Georgie."

George's hips shudder with each drag of Dream's fingers, and he swallows at Dream's words. Dream continues.

"And you're *tight*, but you *could* be tighter. What have you been doing, hm?" He curls his fingers, feels himself twitch violently when George cries out, tries to push down *further*, "Tell me what you've been doing, George."

"Oh *god*— Touch— *Touching myself*—" he cuts himself off with a gasp as Dream curls his fingers again, sensitive and stimulated, "I— I touched myself, and I thought of you."

Jesus. Dream's head spins, and with the hand restraining George, he lets go, and begins to loosely get the boy off.

"Touched yourself *how*, Georgie? Toys, fingers? Tell me what you did."

The combination of being fingered, and being jerked off has George *shaking*, and his words are choked.

“Fingers,” he admits, softly, mewling as he pushes back into Dream’s hands, “Thought of you. God — Dream, that’s so fucking *good*.”

Dream continues to bleed over them, slower now, but remaining still, and occasionally dripping on to them.

He can’t help the hesitation when another droplet splashes onto his own tanned skin, a reminder of something sick, a problem, *an illness*.

“Dream,” George’s voice breaks his thoughts, “Don’t slow down, please— I’ll make it so good for you after Dream, *please*—“

His begging pulls Dream back in, a delicious mix of reassurance and want, and *who is Dream to disobey this gorgeous man?*

As he speeds his hands back up, listening to the way George cries out his name, Dream wonders just who exactly is in charge here.

Right now, it’s him, but only physically.

George, he has this hold on him, and Dream doesn’t *ever* want him to let go.

Something possessive strikes at him once more, and he adjusts his position again, so he can lean down, take George into his mouth once more.

He licks at him while he fingers him with one hand, and strokes the base of his cock with the other, and he takes George deep into his mouth, as far as he can, swallowing around the intrusion in his throat, and grinding his own dick, still trapped in his underwear, against his mattress, unable to hold himself back.

George’s cries are *loud*, and Dream thanks *god* for the volume of the party outside, the bass and the shouts likely muffling him.

He sucks at the tip *hard*, before sinking back down again, hollowing his cheeks, and lets George thrust upward, into his mouth, pre-cum salty on his tongue, mingling with the lingering taste of vanilla.

He pauses when George’s thrusts grow erratic, pulls his mouth off until his hips slow, and he whimpers, whines, sobs, *begs*.

He continues.

He pauses.

He continues.

He pauses.

When he pauses this time, pulling off and stilling his hands, edging George once more, he glances up at George's face.

A red flush has spread, from his cheeks to his chest, and tears have begun to pool in the corners of his eyes, the overstimulation from the combination of the pills and Dream's edging leaving him sobbing, begging, *stammering*.

His words are nonsensical, and his whole body *shakes*.

"You wanna cum?" Dream asks, casually, like it isn't painfully clear in George's body language.

George manages a shaky nod, blinking away the tears.

Dream doesn't think he should find that as hot as he does.

He gives in to this beautiful boy once more.

He finally lets George cum, lets it splatter across his tongue, swallows it as he pulls his fingers from George's sensitive hole, grips at his thighs as George moans his name.

After all the edging, George should be lax, useless and weak.

But the pills are strong, and George? He *always* continues to surprise Dream.

George leans up, pushes him down with trembling hands, kisses him hard, and licks at the taste of himself, still pooling on Dream's tongue with the flavours of blood and liquor.

He pulls off Dream's underwear, blinks when Dream's cock smacks at his stomach, hard and leaking, before a sly grin stretches across his face.

“You’re big,” is all he says, before he takes all of Dream into his mouth in one go, a fluid, practiced motion.

Dream has to resist the urge to buck his hips upward at the feeling of George’s mouth enveloping him, hot and wet, tongue dragging upwards with each suck.

George looks perfect.

His mouth and face are stained with Dream’s blood, and pink lips look like they were made for this, made to be wrapped around Dream like this. His eyes are closed, and Dream thinks it’s unfair for somebody to look so angelic with a cock in their mouth, let alone while they’re covered in *drying blood*.

Yet, George *always* looks angelic.

“Fuck,” Dream hisses, giving in, thrusting his hips, shuddering when George doesn’t even *gag*, “I hope you know I’m *never* letting you go after this.”

His possessiveness only makes George work *harder*.

Dream cums with George’s name on his lips, his hands buried in his hair, and his heart soaring somewhere far above them.

He pulls George up to kiss him, press his lips against every inch he can, chuckling at the sound of George’s light giggles, before running his fingers over the drying blood on George’s skin.

“You need a shower.”

“No *way*, in the morning I will,” George argues, “I’m not going out there covered in marks and blood while a whole party rages.”

Dream laughs, the euphoria of the pill still leaving him confident, happy, intense and at peace simultaneously, and he kisses George once more.

The night passes, and they cling to each other, naked, sweaty under the thin top sheet, pupils dilated as they talk about whatever comes to mind, and Dream hangs off of every word.

He holds George close the entire night, and they ride out their high together, blissful, until the

comedown begins to seep in, somewhere around the fourth hour.

George drifts off in Dream's arms.

Dream watches him sleep for a while, before he follows close behind.

They've forgotten to close the blinds.

The morning sun is harsh, and Dream squints when he wakes, arm asleep underneath something solid.

Thankfully, his hangover is minimal.

The comedown is not.

He desperately needs a shower—

The night returns in his tired mind.

George.

The boy in question grumbles as Dream shifts his arm out from under them, and nuzzles closer. His eyes are pinched closed, and when he opens them, he looks *weak*.

"Hey," Dream murmurs, cautious as to not irritate the headache it appears George is nursing, "You alright?"

"I don't feel good," George admits after some hesitation, "Not like, a hangover though, it feels— It feels *different*."

"Mm," Dream brushes fingers through his hair, "Those pills were strong. You've probably got a bad comedown happening."

George closes his eyes again, swallows, presses himself close to Dream, seeking comfort.

Dream *hates* this.

George's angelic face no longer looks soft and peaceful, like it did as he slept.

He looks distant.

Sad, and not quite all there, with the frustrated expression of somebody struggling to grapple with the violent quiet of their own mind.

Dream has seen the expression on his own face before.

Seen it reflected in the television screen. In the mirror. In Sapnap's eyes.

But he's never seen it on somebody he cared about, never experienced the concern, the worry.

He wonders if this is what Sapnap feels, every time he finds Dream after a big night, caught in the horrors of his own mind.

He swallows. *He thinks.*

"I'm gonna get you some water, and a couple painkillers," he whispers, presses a kiss to George's forehead, "You can have a quick shower, make yourself feel better, and get back into bed. My towel's in the bathroom."

George hesitates, not wanting to be left alone, but nods when Dream promises he'll be back soon, and follows Dream's direction.

As the door to the bathroom clicks shut, Dream busies himself with filling two bottles of water, before checking the fridge for painkillers. As he rests the items on the table, taking a sip from his own bottle of water, he hears footsteps behind him.

"Dude," Sapnap laughs as Dream turns, "You're a fucking *mess*."

In jeans and no t-shirt, Dream's own dried blood from last night stands out easily. He's fairly sure there's blood in the ends of his hair, too.

He laughs awkwardly, and feels himself shrink nervously as he watches his friend take in the box of painkillers and the water, and turn his head toward the sound of a running shower.

"Didn't think he showed up," Sapnap says, with a grin, "Good night, then?"

Dream feels himself flush, thinks of the way George's mouth looks.

"Yeah," he chuckles, "Extremely."

But, he hesitates, thinking of George's fallen face, *his sad eyes, his confusion, his indecision on wanting to be left alone to shower.*

He thinks of the comedown.

He wonders if George would be in this situation, if he wasn't so fucked up.

He doesn't want to put anyone in this situation again. And Sapnap—

God, Sapnap. Sapnap who's done so much for him, who's had to put up with him—

"Sap," he calls weakly, nervous, calls to his friend who has moved a few steps away, who turns to look at him, confused, "Sap, I—"

He swallows.

He thinks of the chemical rush that he loves so much.

He thinks of the boy, lonely in his shower.

He thinks of the confidence, the sting in his nose.

He thinks of his best friend, confused across from him.

It's no competition, really.

"I think I wanna get clean."

Chapter End Notes

last time I had notes it showed the end notes for my first chapter as well and I can't be assed to fix it I'm SORRY I rly hope it doesn't do that again aaaaa

but i really really hope you guys enjoyed this!!!!

as u can tell this series is NOT YET FINISHED and it's actually got plans to get very angsty in the future - i really wanna capture some of the uglier sides of addiction more, relapse and other scary things, it's gonna be painful, but it'll be good, i think!!!

i'm genofeve on tumblr, and gen_ofeve on Twitter (but I'm hardly ever there tbh, sorry!! Twitter scares me skskdks)

i love u guys!

be safe <3

ps: 2 random tracks that I vibed super hard to during this WERE

ABBA - Gimme! Gimme! Gimme! (a man after midnight) (aye this song goes hard fuck u)

Stand Atlantic - Blurry (i LOVE THIS SONG)

End Notes

tracks 4 this fic include!!

Porter Robinson - Divinity

Peking Duk - Stranger

Ocean Alley - The Comedown

Dance Gavin Dance - Care (title track, ooh!!)

I really hope you guys enjoyed this one!!!! i can't wait to finish up the second half <3 !!

come talk to me on tumblr - my name's the same!!!

i adore u all <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!